

ASHTABULA

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Independent in all things.

ASHTABULA, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1875.

\$2 in Advance

Whole Number 1327

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MERCHANTS.

H. C. TOMLIN & CO., (H. C. Tomlin, L. E. Tomlin, & A. C. Tomlin) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fruit and Grain. Agents for American and Union Express Companies, and Cleveland, Heron and Erie Lines. Ashland, Ohio. 1203

A. H. & E. W. SAVAGE dealers in Groceries, Family Groceries, and the finest brands of Tobacco and Cigars. Ashland, Ohio. 1204

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J. M. FALKNER & SON, Dealers in Groceries, Crockery and Glassware. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

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D. W. HASKELL, Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

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MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary, and general dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Surgical Instruments. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

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GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Hardware, Crockery and Glassware. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

HOOTEN, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

W. D. KELLEY, D.D.S., successor to Dr. W. H. Nelson, Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

W. T. WALLACE, D.D.S., successor to Dr. W. H. Nelson, Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

MANUFACTURERS.

C. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Shingles, and other building materials. Ashland, Ohio. 1205

MARTIN LUTHER, Dealer in Groceries, Crockery and Glassware. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. MORRIS CROHN, Veterinary Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

BERNARD & SON, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

EDWARD H. FITZGERALD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

CROSBY & WETTERMAN, Dealers in Groceries, Crockery and Glassware. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

UJO, C. HUBBARD & CO., Dealers in Groceries, Crockery and Glassware. Main street, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

PHYSICIANS.

DR. P. DECHMAN, Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. F. D. CASE, Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. M. H. MARTIN, Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. H. H. HARTWELL, M.D., Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. E. L. KING, Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

DR. J. B. BERRY, Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

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JEWELERS.

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DUBOIS, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Cabinet Ware, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. M. BLACKBURN, Architect, Office No. 9, Perth Block, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

127 BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE, at Ashland, Ohio. 1205

BLANKS & MOORE, Photographers and Dealer in Pictures, Engravings, Chromos, and all kinds of photographic supplies. Ashland, Ohio. 1205

AMERICAN LINE

Mail Steamships

Only Line Carrying the American Flag.

LOTS OF LOTS FOR SALE!

12 1/4 Acres

HOUSE & LOT

For Sale.

A Good Tenement!

CHAMBER SUITE \$95

Walnut Dressing Case

CHAMBER SUITE

TEN PIECES, MARBLE TOPS

Large Stock

Bottom Prices!

Call & Examine Goods and Prices

Flowers, Beautiful Flowers!

AND PLANTS OF ALL KINDS.

GREEN HOUSES AND BEDDING PLANTS

PAINTERS.

A. H. KELLEY, House and Sign Painter, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

J. H. WATSON, Painter, Glazier, and Paper Hanger. Ashland, Ohio. 1205

JOHN H. SHERMAN, Notary Public and Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

STONER & HALL, Ornamental and Public Hall, Ashland, Ohio. 1205

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THE

Centennial Anniversary

of the



OF THE

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL,

Will be celebrated by a

GRAND RAILWAY EXCURSION

TO

NIAGARA FALLS,

Thursday, June 17th, 1875.

Under the Auspices of the Methodist and Congregational Churches, of Ashtabula.

Arrangements have been made on such a grand scale, that we can assure the people that for sight seeing and pleasure it has not nor will not be surpassed; and celebrating as it does, one of the great events of our national independence, we cordially invite all who can to join us. Trains will leave Stations and carry passengers, the round trip as indicated below:

Painesville, 4:50 a. m., \$5 00

Perry, 5:05 " 4 75

Madison, 5:20 " 4 50

Unionville, 5:30 " 4 50

Geneva, 5:40 " 4 25

Saybrook, 5:50 " 4 00

Ashtabula, 6:00 " 4 00

Orwell, 4:40 " 5 00

Rome, 4:50 " 4 75

New Lyme, 5:00 " 4 75

Rock Creek, 5:15 " 4 75

Eagleville, 5:25 " 4 50

Austinburg, 5:45 " 4 50

Munson Hill, 5:52 " 4 00

Leon, 4:40 " 5 75

Dorset, 4:50 " 4 50

Kinsman, 4:00 " 5 50

Gravel Pit, 4:10 " 5 25

West Williamsfield, 4:20 " 5 00

Andover, 4:30 " 5 00

Jefferson, 5:00 " 4 50

Plymouth, 5:20 " 4 00

Kingsville, 6:20 " 3 75

Amboy, 6:30 " 3 75

Conneaut, 6:40 " 3 75

Springfield, 7:00 " 3 75

Girard, 7:15 " 3 50

Arrive at Niagara Falls at 12 m.

Leave Niagara Falls, 8:30 p. m.

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD.

By Request.

At a camp-meeting held at Black Earth, Wis., June 10th, the following incident occurred. Not having space to report it in full, we give it in a condensed form.

The camp ground was situated on the railroad; the train passed near midnight, a prayer-meeting of great interest and power had just closed, when a good sister, bearing the train coming, struck up the "Gospel Railroad," which by Rev. G. D. Smith, of Madison, Wis. It was very early in the morning, and I am not aware that it has been printed anywhere. The time, the place, and the running of the train, were all very interesting.

At the close of the song, a preacher, from the excitement of the moment, sprang upon a seat and from the top of his voice, cried out: "Hurry, hurry, get on board or you will all be lost."

This wicked fellow peremptorily, and as they were going off the ground, one was heard to say to another, "That beats the devil!"

THE SONG.
The gospel train is coming, I hear it just at hand,
I hear the whistle, and the rumbling of the wheels,
I hear the bell and whistle, and the rumbling of the wheels,
I hear the bell and whistle, and the rumbling of the wheels.

Cuo—Get on board! Get on board! The train is coming, hurry, hurry, get on board or you will all be lost.

O, see the engine's banner, 'tis floating on the breeze,
It bears the words of life, and the words of peace,
It bears the words of life, and the words of peace,
It bears the words of life, and the words of peace.

Cuo—Get on board, etc.

She's coming round the station, O, steady don't be late,
But come and get your ticket—be ready for the start,
The way is free and all are glad to see the train,
No one can be so slow as to get on the train.

Cuo—Get on board, etc.

I think she'll make a little halt, to wood upon the line,
And give us all a chance to go—but still she'll make her time,
She's coming round the station, O, steady don't be late,
But come and get your ticket—be ready for the start.

Cuo—Get on board, etc.

To a GENTLE-POW.

What comes and squawks under my feet,
And makes me mad and vexed?
You little, speckled critter, you!
What's under your feet, you squawking about it?

Don't you know, you squawking about it?
I don't know, you squawking about it?
I don't know, you squawking about it?
I don't know, you squawking about it?

What's under your feet, you squawking about it?
I don't know, you squawking about it?
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I don't know, you squawking about it?

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Juliet Reardon slightly raised her head.

She had been gazing upon the ground as she listened to the Major's words.

Whoever my husband shall be, she said, I will be a true wife to him.

There was a marked emphasis in the latter part of her speech. I do not doubt it, said Baird, coloring a little.

You think it is an easy thing to transfer one's affection, she continued. I do not love Mr. Glover.

Yet you will if you try, said Baird. He has a good disposition, and you will become attached to him when you know him better.

Perhaps so, sighed Miss Reardon, and then they walked into the house.

That night before they went to bed, Glover and the Major had a long and confidential conversation about Miss Reardon.

From that time forward Glover paid Juliet more attention than he had formerly, while the Major turned to the six girls, who looked agitated when they saw Miss Reardon hanging on Neil's arm in the garden. What bitterness dwelt in those six hearts no tongue can tell.

Three months more, and it was known that Juliet Reardon had accepted the proposal of Neil Glover to become his wife.

Very quiet was the wedding. This was the suggestion of the major; he knew it would be congenial to Juliet's feelings. Glover was anxious to have an expensive marriage, and it was hard to persuade him to have the matter conducted privately.

What are you going to do, my boy? said Glover slapping Baird upon the shoulder. We are going to house keeping, you know; and you come and live with us?

The major shook his head and laughed. Oh no, that would not do at all. While we were bachelors it was well enough to be together, but now, you know, you will have to drop some of your old customs.

Glover looked inquiringly at the speaker.

Why should I drop old habits—at least those that in no way interfere with my wife's happiness? I do not think I shall change much. I should like to have you near me, but if you think it better for us to live apart, be it so. Of course I shall see you daily.

Certainly, responded Baird. Eighteen months of married life flew by, and Juliet Reardon's beauty was a sort of disquette to her ill-favored second cousins. They wished her out of the way, and many a time their mother, when reviewing the past was forced to admit that while she had a humble art in receiving Juliet into her family, it was certainly a very impolitic one.

When Neil Glover was introduced into the family of his father's daughter, Juliet Reardon, strange to relate, did not expend her fascination upon him. Her entire powers were bent upon subjugating the Major. The fact was, that the daughter of the Major, who had been a beauty, and was now a plain woman, was not sensible to her charms. But alas! the Major was poor, and Miss Reardon was even poorer than himself. Yet this knowledge did not prevent the pair, in the course of time, from comparing hearts and vowing they would always love each other, though they never could hope to marry. The evening that the Major made this confession to Miss Reardon she was walking by her side in the garden of her father's house, while Glover was playing the piano for the six daughters. The Major always recollected the tender reproach which Juliet's eyes gave him, and the silent despair which was too visible in her beautiful face. The pressure of the hand, which trembled in his own, too truly told the grief that was at work in her heart; for Juliet Reardon loved Major Baird.

When Baird went to his bed that night he did not sleep. He was tormented by the pangs of remorse. He was sorry he had ever met Miss Reardon. With all his worldliness and his habit of living off the bounty of his friends, the man had some generous impulses. Circumstances had made him what he was, and Harold Baird was only like other of his class. He had been a gamester, had debts amounting to thousands, from which he ran away. He borrowed money that he never could, and never did intend to pay, but all this was the inevitable consequence of a life regulated by no fixed principles.

The more he thought of Juliet Reardon, the greater became his perplexity. Had he not been afraid of poverty, he would have married her with all the haste of his nature. But he shrank from involving that girl in his own desperate circumstances. Some day his connection with Glover would terminate, and he would again be thrown upon his wits.

It was spring time; birds and bees were on the wing, and the blue-eyed violets were peeping amid the grass between the Major and Juliet. Reardon walked in the garden. The major had been speaking earnestly, and Miss Reardon's face was flushed and her eyes had a heavy appearance. That morning he had a heavy appearance. That morning he had a heavy appearance.

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